

› Bring That Slap Back

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

Bringin' you back what you miss in hip hop
Hard Truth Sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier Radio
You are tuned to the voice of armed self defense, broadcasting in the year of fire!

[Verse 1: Paris]

Back with that program
Fog city, no wack flows, no ham
Bring it back to the prose of the black man
Black hat, black strap, black fist in a black SS
We crush all when we throw down
F**k a throne, n***a, watch what we on now
Bring it home so the whole world know how
With no singin', no bling, just the real when we do our thing
See, I come from the land where the panthers mob
(One) glance and you know from the stance what's up
(We) advance programs that'll stand us up
And finance grants so the fans come up
Any fool with a view too could see what's happenin'
When hard truth bring the whole movement back in
Where youth get the truth that the schools is lackin'
And rhymes from the front line to see what's crackin', goin'

[Hook]

Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bing that slap back

[Verse 2: Paris]

Hot damn hoe, here it go again
Back up on the set to let this n***as know what is
Back up on the set to keep it honest for the kids
Back to show the way to stay alive and out the prison
F**k what you claim, this is game for real (yup)

We just, need to rise and build
And bring back pride that we used to have
It's Hard Truth comin' from the Sons of Malcolm
It's time to meet the guer-rillas
The soldiers, the leaders and the pro hittas (pro hittas)
And motherf**kas gonna feel us
This time or gonna be some blood spillin'
That's how it is, how it was, how it do, how it does
How we do, payin' dues, never lose, never run
Steady gunnin' f**k a pig, n***a do your thang
And let 'em know it's on again...all power to the people

[Hook]

Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bing that slap back

[Verse 3: Paris]

Steady spittin', get the picture comin' through in the clutch
Gettin' witcha heavy hittin' n***a givin' it up (givin' it up)
Puttin' hands on these off brands, undefeated
Hard to beat, n***a, balls deep, please believe it
A beast when I bring the noise
Ain't nothin but a choice, and we choose to voice
How we steady makin' men from boys
Make em understand what the government's plan is for us
Show em how to thrive and survive the streets
To compete, how to eat, from these real OGs
When to walk away and when to reach
And show 'em how to mean what they say and to say what they mean
Little locs soak the game up, claim they life
They awoke from the shame and the pain and lies
Ain't no jokes, we control the way we defined
Let's see who wanna test it, tr
Mothaf**ka, we united